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[Part One]

DOCTOR: Once upon a time, in a land not too dissimilar to ours, there lived a king. And he was a good king, in an age when good was something of an unfashionable rarity. He was very, very wise, and very, very powerful, but he was also very, very old. And he realised for all his great wisdom and his great power, he would soon have to leave his kingdom once and for all, and make the journey to the outside world of infinite darkness. And so, on the eve of his departure, when his physicians had finished all their headshaking and his wives had wrung as many tears from their eyes as they could, he called his son and heir to his side. 'Everything you see is yours to command,' he said. 'But be advised. The better slaves are those who still believe they taste some freedom. Play the tyrant, but you must inspire love as well as fear.' Yet the son cared not for his words, and when the corpse had been despatched with much pomp and fireworks to the darker realms outside, the new king resolved to stretch the limits of his authority. He gathered all the people before him and told them that their every thought must match his thought. No will should exist save his will. And people being people, they agreed. Those that didn't vanished in the night, and their families soon learned to pretend that they'd never existed. But still the king was not content, so he instructed all the animals in his kingdom that they must now obey his commands. Horses should bark, dogs should mew, fish should fly from tree to tree exactly as he desired. And animals being animals, they agreed. Some of the pigs had to be culled, but no one minded because they tasted so lip-smackingly good. And the cats had to go because no one could tell a cat anything. But soon the people and the animals lived in perfect harmony, their lives precise expressions of the whims of their lord.

(Tardis engines stuttering, then a constant beeping sound.)
CHARLEY: Oh, no. Doctor? Doctor, where are you?
(Footsteps, internal door handle rattles.)
CHARLEY: Are you in there? The door. Can't. Doctor, please. Something's wrong with the Tardis. Everything's wrong with the Tardis, quite probably.
(Door handle rattling.)
CHARLEY: Doctor. Doctor, the door's jammed. I can't get in.
DOCTOR: The door isn't jammed.
CHARLEY: Doctor!
(The beeping stops. Gentle hum.)
DOCTOR: You can't open the door because there's nothing behind it any more. Do you see? There's nothing there.
CHARLEY: What are you doing on the floor? Are you hurt? I didn't see you down there.
DOCTOR: Of course you didn't. That was the idea. I'm hiding.
CHARLEY: Oh, I see.
DOCTOR: Get down behind the console with me, so you can hide too.
(Charley does.)
CHARLEY: Better?
DOCTOR: Yes.
CHARLEY: Doctor, what are you, we, hiding from?
DOCTOR: From what's behind the door.
CHARLEY: You said nothing was behind the door.
DOCTOR: Nothing. Exactly. And between you and me, I'm hiding from lots of other things too.
CHARLEY: Other things apart from nothing.

DOCTOR: Inevitable things. Pain, fear, death. Silly really, since they are inevitable. Perhaps I should have done with it, confront them once and for all. Stop hiding behind the console of this worn out Tardis of mine. Stop running away all my lives. But what then? That's the problem, isn't it? What do I do then? I'm sorry, it occurs to me since I'm hiding here from so many nothings and somethings, I don't yet know if I should be hiding from you as well. Who are you?
CHARLEY: Doctor, you know me. I'm Charley.
DOCTOR: Charley?
CHARLEY: Ye-es. You remember?
DOCTOR: Rubbish.
CHARLEY: What?
DOCTOR: Charley's safe. I know she is.
CHARLEY: It's me, Doctor.
DOCTOR: No, Charley wouldn't betray me. She wouldn't betray me like that. Oh!
CHARLEY: Doctor!
DOCTOR: Ow! Charley, it hurts.
CHARLEY: What is it? What can I do?
DOCTOR: My senses' being burned out of me. Ah, how can you live like this?
CHARLEY: Doctor, hold my hand. Tell me. Tell me what's happening.
DOCTOR: You have, you have five senses, yes? Sight, hearing, taste, smell, touch.
CHARLEY: Yes.
DOCTOR: A Time Lord has many more, all to do with temporal awareness. Our unique relationship with Time. For us time doesn't merely pass, we can see it, taste it. It's all gone. It's as if I've been blinded.
CHARLEY: Who's doing this to you? How can we make it stop?
DOCTOR: Nothing is doing it *to* me, and nothing can stop it. It's this new universe. Time works differently here. There can be no Lords of Time here. There is no Time to be a Lord of. A moment happens, then is gone forever. Hours, minutes, seconds, they rush by. Nothing can slow them or grasp hold. They rush on, and are then lost. There's another one gone. And another, and another, and another.
CHARLEY: This is how we mere humans always experience time.
DOCTOR: I know. How can you live like this? All the opportunity. We must fill these seconds quickly. We'll never get another chance. All the waste. These seconds are gone forever. What's the point of filling them? Everything temporary. Only memories left until the memories fade. How can you live like this? How can it not drive you mad?
CHARLEY: It's not so bad. I mean, you get used to it.
DOCTOR: Do you think so?
CHARLEY: Yes. In time.
(The hum stops.)
DOCTOR: The Tardis feels it too. This universe has no place for her. A Time Machine and a Time Lord. How redundant. How pathetic.
(Hissing.)
CHARLEY: Doctor, look. The door!
DOCTOR: It's breaking through.
CHARLEY: Blackness. Just blackness. What is it?
DOCTOR: I told you, nothing at all. The Tardis has no purpose any longer. It is being eaten away by oblivion. Do you know, this ship of mine used to be vast. A beautiful craft she was, spanning the dimensions.
CHARLEY: Doctor, of course I know. I'm Charley.
DOCTOR: Those were better days, eh, old girl? Now being whittled down to nothing. Getting smaller by the second until there will be nothing left.
CHARLEY: Wait, are you telling me that the console room is all that's left of the Tardis?
DOCTOR: Not even all the console room. Look at the shadows growing more and more, being lost in the blackness. Look, another bit's gone.

CHARLEY: You can't just sit on the floor and watch this happen! Doctor?
DOCTOR: You're quite right.
CHARLEY: Thank goodness.
DOCTOR: I shall stand and watch it happen. A Captain going down with his ship.
CHARLEY: Doctor! I refuse to believe you'll give in so easily. It's not what you do. We could leave the Tardis and go
DOCTOR: Leave the Tardis? But it's a whole new universe out there.
CHARLEY: Exactly. Don't you want to see what it looks like? Don't you want to explore?
DOCTOR: It's too late. There's too much blackness. We can't reach the outer doors now.
CHARLEY: No. Take my hand. I can find a path through it, I'm sure of it. Doctor.
DOCTOR: Who is to say? Who is to say that the universe out there is better than the one in the blackness?
CHARLEY: Doctor, you must come with me now.
DOCTOR: That I've been running away from all these years, that I've cheated so many times? Who is to say we won't have better adventures there?
CHARLEY: The Tardis, she's opening the doors for us. She's giving us a chance to escape. Take my hand.
DOCTOR: I don't know what to do.
CHARLEY: There's light out there, Doctor. Look at it.
DOCTOR: I can't take my eyes off the blackness.
CHARLEY: (distant) Doc, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Charley? Charley, where are you? Oh please, please help me. Please help me.
CHARLEY: Take my hand.
DOCTOR: Yes.
CHARLEY: Take it now. Quick.
(Running feet.)

CHARLEY: Ow! Doctor!
DOCTOR: It's all right.
CHARLEY: I can't see. It's too bright.
DOCTOR: Close your eyes against it.
CHARLEY: It makes no difference. The light still gets in. I can't tell if my eyes are open or closed. Doctor, I can't tell if they're open or closed.
DOCTOR: Charley, calm down. I need you to calm down.
CHARLEY: (crying) I can't see. It hurts.
DOCTOR: Shh, shh. No, no, it doesn't. It's just your body's attempt to deal with the sudden brightness. It's setting off your defences, but you're all right, Charley. You're all right. Come to me, Charley.
CHARLEY: I don't know where you are.
DOCTOR: I'm with you. Come closer to me. Listen for my voice.
CHARLEY: I can't find you, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Deep breaths. Come on, deep breaths. Good girl. And another one. You're quite safe so long as you calm down now.
CHARLEY: Yes, I'm calm.
DOCTOR: Good. Come to me, Charley. Come to my voice.
(Footsteps.)
DOCTOR: That's it.
CHARLEY: Oh, Doctor.
DOCTOR: I've got you. That's it.
CHARLEY: We must get away from here. You were right, we must get back to the Tardis.
(The Tardis dematerialises.)
DOCTOR: I'm afraid not.
CHARLEY: Where's it gone?
DOCTOR: It doesn't matter any more. No more second chances, not in this universe. Second after second, time running on, no turning back the clock any

more.
CHARLEY: But if we could just get back inside, try to take off again.
DOCTOR: No. You made the decision for both of us, and now we have to accept the consequences of that.
CHARLEY: Doctor?
DOCTOR: Come on. You were the one who wanted to see what this new universe has to offer. Shall we find out?
(Walking on metal?)
CHARLEY: Where are we going?
DOCTOR: One foot in front of the other, that's all we can do.
CHARLEY: Doctor, do we have to go quite so fast?
DOCTOR: The faster we walk, the sooner we'll get to where we're going. Stands to reason.
CHARLEY: But since we can't see anything, don't you think it would be safer?
(Stops walking.)
CHARLEY: Doctor?
DOCTOR: What is it now?
CHARLEY: Do you think the light will fade at some point?
DOCTOR: Maybe. Who can tell?
CHARLEY: It's just, I don't think I can stand it much longer.
DOCTOR: I think we have to consider the possibility that we never will see anything else.
CHARLEY: What do you mean?
DOCTOR: That our eyes simply aren't equipped to deal with this universe. It might operate on visual stimuli too subtle for us to appreciate. Like a dog whistle which plays at a frequency beyond the range of the human ear.
CHARLEY: Are you saying that my eye's aren't ever going to adjust? Nothing but this light blocking everything else out?
(A slight echo in the background.)
DOCTOR: Perhaps. I don't know. But since our bodies weren't designed to live in this environment, I think we can hardly be surprised that they're not operating at peak condition. There is one thing we can take some comfort in, though. Only one thing, mind.
CHARLEY: And what's that?
DOCTOR: We're not dead.
CHARLEY: Terrific.
DOCTOR: Or at least, not yet. We should keep our options open. I mean, for example, what are the chances this universe would be so abundant in oxygen? Can you breath all right?
CHARLEY: Yes, thank you.
DOCTOR: Ah, but are you sure? What if the air you're inhaling only bears some superficial resemblance to oxygen? Your lungs are doing their best trying to adapt to it. They're taking from it what they can, doing their desperate bit to ensure that you continue to live that little while longer.
CHARLEY: Doctor.
DOCTOR: But they might be on a fool's errand if this isn't oxygen, but a gas your body has never encountered, was never designed to encounter. And slowly but surely with every gasp you take, it's destroying your body.
CHARLEY: Doctor, please stop it.
DOCTOR: As it is, you can relax. It *is* oxygen. I can tell. We got lucky. What are the odds?
CHARLEY: Never frighten me like that again.
DOCTOR: We can't take anything for granted, not any more. What can you smell?
CHARLEY: Smell?
DOCTOR: Go on, take a big sniff.
CHARLEY: Do you think that's safe?
DOCTOR: I haven't the faintest idea, but I'm curious.
(Big sniff.)
DOCTOR: Well?

CHARLEY: I don't know.
DOCTOR: Describe it to me, in detail.
CHARLEY: Well, I suppose it's a little dusty.
DOCTOR: Dusty, eh?
CHARLEY: Yes, just very faint. No, wait. It's getting stronger. Yes. Oh, it makes my nose tickle. The air seems a bit stale. There's a certain mustiness to it.
DOCTOR: Dusty and musty. My goodness.
CHARLEY: It's not very pleasant, anyway.
DOCTOR: Can't you detect that smell of fruit cake cooling in the kitchen?
CHARLEY: What? Wait.
DOCTOR: With just a hint of orange peel and squeezed lemon. Fresh.
CHARLEY: (laughs) Fresh. Yes, that's it. What is it, Doctor? Where are we?
DOCTOR: Shall I tell you what I can smell? Absolutely nothing. Nothing whatsoever.
CHARLEY: But you said
DOCTOR: There's nothing here to smell, but your brain can't accept it. It is struggling, but it has to fill in the gaps because there cannot be any gaps. It's dealing with a world of nothings when it's job is to provide somethings, whether that be dust or orange peel, a lungful of fresh air or a blinding bright light. What can you touch?
CHARLEY: Hmm. There's a wall. It seems to be curved.
DOCTOR: No, what can you touch?
CHARLEY: It feels smooth, like glass.
DOCTOR: No. What can you touch?
CHARLEY: Your hand. I'm holding your hand.
DOCTOR: Good.
CHARLEY: And that's all I can be sure of.
DOCTOR: I am all you have in the world.
CHARLEY: We are all each other has.
DOCTOR: Yes, maybe. Yes.
CHARLEY: Wait. Can you hear that?
DOCTOR: Just because a delusion is shared, it makes it no less a delusion.
CHARLEY: But you can hear it, can't you?
DOCTOR: Y-yes.
CHARLEY: It's the Tardis!
DOCTOR: It can't be. The Tardis is dead.
CHARLEY: It is the Tardis. Listen. And it sounds like she's materialising nearby.
DOCTOR: Don't let go of my hand, Charley.
(Tardis engines die.)
CHARLEY: Come on, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Charley, be careful. We don't know what
CHARLEY: (distant) Ow!
DOCTOR: Charley!
(Running.)
CHARLEY: Oh, I'm all right. I just fell over something. Doctor, I can begin to see.
DOCTOR: It might be another delusion, but my eyes
CHARLEY: The brightness, it's fading. Just a little, but. Doctor, the Tardis is giving us back our sight!
(Tardis engines slowly fading away.)
DOCTOR: If it is the Tardis.
CHARLEY: It's still hard to see, but there are shapes. Doctor, what I fell over. I think it's a body.
DOCTOR: Let me see.
CHARLEY: You'll have to get up close. It's hard to make out. Is it dead?
DOCTOR: Very. But the miracle is it was ever alive. Look at it.
CHARLEY: It's not like anything I've ever seen.
DOCTOR: A far simpler organism than you'd be used to. Look, exposed heart, membrane wall. No limbs, more like pseudopodia.
CHARLEY: Something like an amoeba?
DOCTOR: But the size of it. I can't imagine the conditions that would allow this

to live. Certainly not conditions that would allow us to.
VOICE: Help.
CHARLEY: Doctor, it's trying to speak.
DOCTOR: Impossible. It's barely evolved a rudimentary nervous system, let alone a means to master conversation.
VOICE: Help.
CHARLEY: What are you? We want to help.
VOICE: Help.
CHARLEY: Yes, yes, we'll do our best.
VOICE: Help. Help. Help. (speeds up and keeps repeating.)
CHARLEY: Doctor?
DOCTOR: I don't know.
(The voice suddenly stops. Then)
VOICE: Pleeeesssssssssssssssssse heeeeeeeeeeeeeelp meeeeeeeeeeee.
(Tardis engine sounds.)
CHARLEY: Doctor!
DOCTOR: The creature, it's being torn apart!
CHARLEY: Or could it be decomposition?
DOCTOR: So quickly? Well, who knows what's possible here, but it seems to me that something is gnawing at it.
CHARLEY: But what? I don't see anything.
DOCTOR: No. Worrying, isn't it?
(Sounds stop.)
CHARLEY: Ah! The brightness is back.
DOCTOR: And now there's nothing to see at all.
CHARLEY: Oh, help me up.
DOCTOR: Yes, of course. Here.
CHARLEY: Thanks.
DOCTOR: Step forward, over the remains.
CHARLEY: Yes, good idea.
DOCTOR: Not that there are many remains to step into.
CHARLEY: No. What are we going to do?
DOCTOR: Do? What gives you the idea that we're capable of doing anything?
CHARLEY: We need a plan.
DOCTOR: A plan.
CHARLEY: Yes. That amoeba creature, it asked us to help, so that's what we do. We find out what's killing its kind and put an end to it.
DOCTOR: Ah yes.
CHARLEY: Then we find the Tardis. She's come back to us. She was trying to reach us. Maybe she's managed to expel the blackness we saw.
DOCTOR: Oblivion.
CHARLEY: Yes. She's found a way round that and was, I don't know, popping back to pick us up. So, we sort things out here, put things to right, and then take off again. Find somewhere else to go, somewhere a little less bright. How does that sound?
DOCTOR: Ludicrous.
CHARLEY: Look, I'm prepared to accept that as plans go it's not as thought through as it could be. Put it down to tiredness and confusion, and yes, sheer terror if you really want to know. But at least I'm trying my best. I'm trying to stay positive.
DOCTOR: Bravo, Charley. There is just one important think you're overlooking.
CHARLEY: And what's that?
DOCTOR: We're going to die here.
CHARLEY: What?
DOCTOR: We are going to die in this universe. Don't you understand? We are going to die here.
CHARLEY: But Doctor
DOCTOR: Listen to me. There is no escape. Not this time. No way out. Sooner or later. Sooner most likely, as our continued existence is quite unbelievable and not something it would be fair to pin any hopes on. Sooner or later, we are going

to perish in a world in which we have no meaning. Where we are not meant to exist. Where nothing we have ever touched or seen or made sense of can reach us. A world which will not have even the merest concept when we die of what our dead useless bodies can possibly be.
CHARLEY: Please don't. Well, whatever happens, at least we'll be together.
DOCTOR: Together?
CHARLEY: So we can give each other meaning. I came here. I came here for you. I came here to be with you.
DOCTOR: You silly little girl. Do you think I want you here?
CHARLEY: Doctor!
DOCTOR: If I'm going to die, I want to die alone. It was, I thought, the last decision I would ever make. That I could ever make. That it was my right to make. Charley, after all these years, I should have been allowed *that* at least. That small final dignity. But here you are. You've betrayed that. Even that has been taken from me.
CHARLEY: But I love you.
(Footsteps.)
DOCTOR: Charley, come back.
CHARLEY: Leave me alone.
DOCTOR: You'll get lost. Come back, please. Please. Follow the sound of my voice.
CHARLEY: (distant) What do you care?
DOCTOR: I wouldn't hurt you. I didn't mean to. Look, I, I'm frightened just as you are.
CHARLEY: (distant) You are?
DOCTOR: More than I've ever been in all my lives. Follow my voice.
(Footsteps approach.)
DOCTOR: That's, that's it. Take my hand.
CHARLEY: Did you mean what you said?
DOCTOR: Charley.
CHARLEY: Did you?
DOCTOR: Yes. I'm sorry. But you're here now. Take my hand, please.
CHARLEY: All right.
DOCTOR: Thank you.
CHARLEY: And what now?
DOCTOR: We have to continue walking, on and on, the pair of us, into the brightness. We have no choice.
(Footsteps recede.)

[Part Two]

DOCTOR: Every living creature obeyed their king, doing everything he wanted to the smallest detail, sometimes even before he knew he wanted it. But still the king was not content. Living creatures only made up the smallest number of his subject. So he gave out further orders. He instructed the waves should crash upon the shore only when he gave the word. He instructed the wind should not blow, but suck. Time should not run forwards, but backwards or sideways. It took years to persuade them. Soldiers slashed at the waves until their swords were soaked with wave blood. Wind and Time were locked in the deepest dungeons until, starving, they gave in. The king ruled the elements, but still he was not content. There was one subject that still baulked at his power. Music. How the king hated music. Refusing to be constrained, refusing to be disciplined, a small burst of recitative flowering into a fugue without permission, or a cantata breaking out overnight into a fully fledged oratorio. 'Will no man rid me of these turbulent tunes?' he cried, and the militia, now trained to obey his merest impulse, took him at his word. They seized the music, every last crochet and minim, each breve and innocent little semi-breve, and threw them out of the kingdom. They threw them into the outside world of infinite darkness, and music was banished forever. At last, the king had his own universe. It was his and no

one else's. He was happy, and no one dared point out to him that he had exiled the only means by which he could express it.

(Walking. Charley is humming Frère Jacques.)
DOCTOR: Charley, would you stop that, please.
CHARLEY: Oh, I'm sorry.
DOCTOR: All right.
CHARLEY: I was only humming for a bit of company. Doctor? Just something to keep me going. You haven't talked to me in ages. I don't know why. Doctor. Is it something I've done? Oh, fine. I just can't bear this (echoes) silence between us. We've been through so much, but we've always been able to talk about it. Oh, we can't see anything, we've been walking and walking and we don't know where we're going. I'm frightened. Frankly, Doctor, I'm frightened. All I can do is hear, and there's nothing to hear because you're ignoring me. Well, I'm sorry, but if you're not going to talk to me I'll just carry on humming and that's the way it is.
(Hums Frère Jacques.)
DOCTOR: How long do you think it;s been since I talked to you?
CHARLEY: Ages, I said.
DOCTOR: Exactly how long? Minutes? Hours?
CHARLEY: Well, I don't know.
DOCTOR: Come on, think.
CHARLEY: Half an hour, maybe? Doctor?
DOCTOR: Interesting.
CHARLEY: Is that it? Is that all you're going to say?
DOCTOR: Thirty two hours fourteen minutes.
CHARLEY: What?
DOCTOR: Sensory deprivation. As you said, you can't do anything but hear. All your other senses are being cut off, and your brain is shutting down accordingly. You knew we hadn't spoken for quite a while, but you still telescoped it down to no more than half an hour.
CHARLEY: We've been walking non-stop for thirty two hours?
DOCTOR: Oh, much longer than that. I said we hadn't spoken for thirty two hours. My guess is we've probably been walking non-stop for the best part of a week.
CHARLEY: It can't be! It doesn't feel that long. Doctor? I'd know, wouldn't I?
DOCTOR: Tell me, do you feel tired?
CHARLEY: No.
DOCTOR: Hungry? Thirsty?
CHARLEY: I hadn't even thought about it. I feel fine.
DOCTOR: And you still can't smell anything or touch anything?
CHARLEY: No. Nothing. I can't feel your hand. Doctor, are you still holding my hand?
DOCTOR: Easy, I've still got you. I'll give it a squeeze. There. Feel that?
CHARLEY: Yes, just about. You can squeeze it harder if you want.
DOCTOR: I'm afraid I can't. I'm squeezing as hard as I can.
CHARLEY: But I can barely make it out.
DOCTOR: You have to admit it's fascinating. The means by which we measure, we assess, we judge, all the means which give us some definition, all fading away. Curious how fragile we turn out to be.
CHARLEY: Curious? It's terrifying.
DOCTOR: Don't worry. I dare say even our capacity for fear will fade eventually.
CHARLEY: But you can still help us, can't you?
DOCTOR: I'm afraid not. My senses are even weaker than yours. I stopped being able to feel your hand in mine long ago. Five hours twenty eight minutes ago, to be precise.
CHARLEY: But your brain isn't shutting down. You can still tell the time, you can still get us through this.
DOCTOR: If I walk at a reasonable pace, my hearts beat ten times a minute. If I concentrate hard and have perfect silence, I can count them.

CHARLEY: So that's why you wouldn't talk to me. I thought you were sulking.
DOCTOR: Charley, when do I ever sulk?
CHARLEY: I thought you were angry with me, and I didn't know why. You're not angry with me, are you, Doctor? Doctor, please, you're all I've got. I need you to be normal with me, or I can't cope. I don't think I can cope.
DOCTOR: I wonder how long it would take us to lose our senses permanently? Shall I count my heartbeats and find out?
CHARLEY: Doctor!
DOCTOR: I didn't ask you to come here. Remember that.
CHARLEY: I couldn't leave you after all you've done for me.
DOCTOR: You know, it's occured to me that perhaps we made the wrong decision back there, when we chose to go into the light rather than the darkness.
CHARLEY: Well, you said it was oblivion, that it was death.
DOCTOR: Perhaps I got them the wrong way round. Who knows? Something to mull over, anyway.
CHARLEY: You said we were going to die here.
DOCTOR: Yes. I must say I do find our continued existence very frustrating. It makes no sense at all.
CHARLEY: Yes, this hanging on to life against the odds is a bit of an irritant.
DOCTOR: Isn't it though? It's going to bother me terribly until I find out. Or until I peg out, whichever comes sooner.
CHARLEY: I thought at first I wouldn't be able to stand it. No sight, no taste. But I was wrong. It's not much of a life, but it's better than no life at all, isn't it?
DOCTOR: Well, the way I see it, there are two possibilities here. Either we are dead, and this is part of the delusion we first felt on leaving the Tardis.
CHARLEY: We're dead and no one's bothered to tell our bodies to stop moving yet.
DOCTOR: Exactly, like headless chickens running round the farm yard.
CHARLEY: And the other possibility?
DOCTOR: Something is keeping us alive. It has to be deliberate. The chances that we could arrive somewhere where the conditions so neatly suit our needs are just too remote to contemplate.
CHARLEY: I prefer the latter possibility.
DOCTOR: Oh, do you? I'm not so sure. Something from another universe that steals from us all those things which enable us to experience life, and offers us some cut price parody in its place? I am not so sure at all. At least being dead, you know where you stand.
CHARLEY: Look, whatever this is, whether this is death or just a cut price life, as you call it, so long as you're here, so long as we can face it together, then I'll accept it. I owe you everything, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Come on. We've stayed still long enough. Let's get moving again, get to where we're going.
CHARLEY: Do you think there is somewhere to get to?
DOCTOR: Let's find out.
CHARLEY: Together, remember?
DOCTOR: Yes, Charley, I think it might be better if we continued in silence for the while.
CHARLEY: Oh, do you need to concentrate again?
DOCTOR: I just, I just don't think I have anything I want to say to you. Come on.
(Charley hums Frère Jacques.)
DOCTOR: Charley, I did ask you to stop that.
CHARLEY: It isn't me.
(The humming continues.)
DOCTOR: Oh. I see. Hello. I'm the Doctor and this is my friend Charley. Oh, don't stop, please, please. No, we didn't mean to frighten you. We wouldn't hurt you.
CHARLEY: We couldn't, anyway. We can't see or touch anything.
DOCTOR: As my friend points out, we are entirely at your mercy. A fact I would have been more reluctant to divulge.

CHARLEY: Sorry.
DOCTOR: Were I not convinced that there's no chance you can understand a word we're saying in the first place. Come on, come back to us. Stay with us.
(Hesitant humming.)
DOCTOR: That's it, that's it. That's the idea. Frère Jacques, a lovely little tune. Can I assume that's a popular hit in this universe of yours?
CHARLEY: Doctor, what are you doing?
DOCTOR: I'm not entirely sure, but it responding to us. Listen.
(Confident humming.)
DOCTOR: You can tell we mean no harm, can't you?
(Humming stops.)
CHARLEY: You're sure about that?
DOCTOR: Hello, are you still there? I thought we'd been getting on rather well.
VOICE: Help me.
DOCTOR: Ah, there you are. Splendid.
VOICE: Help me.
CHARLEY: How can we help you? What do you want?
VOICE: Help me. Help me. Help me. (speeds up)
CHARLEY: We want to help you.
VOICE: Help you. Help you.
DOCTOR: It's just taking words we've said, giving it back to us parrot fashion.
VOICE: (fast) Help you. Help you.
DOCTOR: You don't really want our help, do you.
VOICE: Help you. Help you.
DOCTOR: You don't know what help is.
VOICE: (very loud) Help me.
CHARLEY: Doctor!
DOCTOR: Yes, very good. That's quite enough. You're scaring Charley. You're scaring me, come to that.
DOCTOR'S VOICE: I'm with you. Come closer to me. Listen for my voice.
CHARLEY'S VOICE: I can't find you, Doctor. It hurts.
CHARLEY: What is it trying to say?
CHARLEY'S VOICE: I'm with you. Come closer to me. Listen for my voice. (faster) I can't find you, Doctor. It hurts.
CHARLEY: What are you trying to say?
DOCTOR'S VOICE: You silly little girl. Do you think I want you here? You silly little. I'm with you. Listen for my. Help me. You silly. I'm with you. Listen. Help. Silly. With you. Listen. Help. Help.
CHARLEY: Oh, it's becoming meaningless.
DOCTOR'S VOICE: Silly little girl. Help. Help.
DOCTOR: Ignore the words. It's not the words that are important, it's communicating with us through sound alone, through intonation.
CHARLEY'S VOICE: Silly. Help.
DOCTOR'S VOICE: Little girl. Help.
DOCTOR: Listen. That last time it spoke, it sounded like it was asking a question.
CHARLEY: Does that make sense?
DOCTOR: Even on Earth there are entire languages where the words aren't what conveys meaning, but the pitch of the voice with which they're spoken.
DOCTOR'S VOICE: Silly little girl. Help. Help.
DOCTOR: Definitely a question of some sort. I think we're making headway.
CHARLEY: But what is it asking us?
DOCTOR: I didn't say we were making much headway.
DOCTOR'S VOICE: Help. Silly. Think I want. Final dignity. Help me.
CHARLEY'S VOICE: Love you.
DOCTOR'S VOICE: Die here. We are going to
CHARLEY'S VOICE: Love you.
DOCTOR'S VOICE: Die here.
CHARLEY'S VOICE: Love.
DOCTOR'S VOICE: Die.

CHARLEY'S VOICE: Love.
DOCTOR'S VOICE: There is no escape. Die. Not this time. Die. Die.
CHARLEY'S VOICE: But I love you. I love you. But I love you. But I love you. (overlapping.)
CHARLEY: Make it stop!
(Silence.)
DOCTOR'S VOICE: But I love you. But I love you. Love you. Love. Love. You.
CHARLEY: Has it gone?
DOCTOR: Possibly. It might still be standing in front of us, holding its tongue. We wouldn't know. But it seems to have stopped trying to communicate.
CHARLEY: It could have been one of those amoeba things we saw earlier.
DOCTOR: Or the creature that killed it.
CHARLEY: Doesn't seem to want to hurt us, though.
DOCTOR: No. Just take our words quite literally out of our mouths. Interesting that it picks the moments at which we are at our most emotional. That rather embarrassing bit where you told me you loved me, for example.
CHARLEY: Doctor.
DOCTOR: But I love you, don't you think?
CHARLEY: Is that what it means to you?
DOCTOR: Or am I wrong? It seemed to me that there was a lot of emotion flying about in the way that you said that.
CHARLEY: Yes, there was.
DOCTOR: So you see, it's as I thought. It's not the words that matter, it's the timbre of the voice. It's the inflexion, the melody if you like. It doesn't respond to meaning, but the power behind it. You could have said I love you. You could equally have said pass the salt, had you invested it with as much passion.
CHARLEY: But I didn't say pass the salt. I told you I loved you.
DOCTOR: Well, yes, I know, but I love you, saying it over and over without the slightest idea what the words mean.
CHARLEY: Do you?
DOCTOR: What?
CHARLEY: I *love* you, Doctor.
DOCTOR: I think you're missing the point I'm making.
CHARLEY: Do you think so? I thought you were rather missing the point I was making, which is odd considering it couldn't have been put more bluntly.
DOCTOR: Oh, you want to talk about *that*?
CHARLEY: Even an inhuman voice from outer space got the point I was making. But not you.
DOCTOR: I was rather more concerned with establishing the nature of where we are and whom we share it with. But you want to talk about that. Fine, go ahead. Let's get it over with.
CHARLEY: Doctor!
DOCTOR: No, come on, come on. It looks as if we might well be trapped for the rest of our lives here together. Let's exhaust all the conversational gambits we can. So you love me.
CHARLEY: Yes. Yes, I do.
DOCTOR: And is that it?
CHARLEY: Isn't that enough? If you knew how hard it was for me to say that
DOCTOR: Not half as hard as it was to listen to. Tell me, Charley. What good do you think your love will do me?
CHARLEY: I don't know.
DOCTOR: Do you think it makes this situation any better? Do you think it makes me *feel* any better?
CHARLEY: I hoped. I don't know.
DOCTOR: I don't want your love, Charley. I have no use for it.
CHARLEY: You told me you loved me too, didn't you?
DOCTOR: Yes.
CHARLEY: When you thought I was going to die.
DOCTOR: Yes.
CHARLEY: Didn't you mean it? Was it just to comfort me? I thought you. I felt

that. Didn't you mean it at all?
DOCTOR: (sighs) Whatever part of me thought I loved you, that urge, it's as dead to me as my sight, as my taste.
CHARLEY: Never do that again! Never say those words again. Not if you don't mean them. Do you understand?
DOCTOR: Yes.
CHARLEY: They're too precious to be squandered. Do you understand?
DOCTOR: I said, yes! Yes. It certainly seems that this creature likes us to be at our most emotional.
CHARLEY: What?
DOCTOR: Tell me, what do you know of transmarginal inhibition?
CHARLEY: Not even how to spell it. What are you talking about?
DOCTOR: It's a crisis in the way our brains work, caused by sensory isolation or sensory overload. Done deliberately, it leaves the subject in a pronounced state of suggestibility and emotional arousal. What is often referred to as brain-washing.
CHARLEY: Brain-washing? Do you think something is trying to control us?
DOCTOR: Perhaps not control. I'm not aware of any new ideas being planted in my head. How about you?
CHARLEY: No. If anything, it's just bringing old ones into sharp relief.
DOCTOR: Like setting off dynamite in a lake and watching all the debris float to the surface. The only thing we have left is sound, and that's what's being used against us.
CHARLEY: Squeeze my hand again.
DOCTOR: Can you feel it?
CHARLEY: Nothing. There really is nothing left now but hearing.
DOCTOR: It's well known of course that music has the ability to induce and modulate different emotional states. It's why we listen to it, after all. If all we're being given is music.
CHARLEY: I wouldn't call the sounds around us music.
DOCTOR: Oh, maybe not in a sophisticated sense, no. I doubt that anyone at the Philharmonic would take our footsteps and release them on CD, but there is a rhythm to them, nonetheless. As we walk, we fall into a regular rhythm. Try it.
(Footsteps.)
DOCTOR: There. Do you hear it? Music. Now stop. Now what do you hear?
CHARLEY: Nothing.
DOCTOR: Perhaps not with your ears, but I can still hear my hearts beat, regular as a metronome. Ba-boom, ba-boom, ba-boom. Just listen to that beat.
CHARLEY: And all this music that we're making, it's being used against us by this thing? Well, what can we do?
DOCTOR: I don't know. It clearly has great power. But it hasn't actually done anything to harm us. I think it just finds us curious, like a child with a new plaything.
CHARLEY: I don't like the thought of being anyone's plaything.
DOCTOR: We have two choices. We can either indulge it, give it all the emotion it wants, put as much inflection and passion into what we say as we can. A real bravura performance. Or we can resist. Always remember, no matter what we feel, no matter how emotional we become, that we are being manipulated, and try to block out what the music is doing to us.
CHARLEY: Seems fairly obvious which one we should go for.
DOCTOR: You think so? It might just get bored and leave us alone. Or
CHARLEY: Or what?
DOCTOR: You know what children can do with toys that no longer entertain them.
(Charley's voice hums Frère Jacques.)
CHARLEY: (sotto) Doctor, I'm frightened.
DOCTOR: I know, Charley. I know.
(The voice laughs.)
CHARLEY: The brightness, it's fading again.
DOCTOR: Yes, I can see shapes.

CHARLEY: Doctor.
(Rustle of clothes and a thud.)
DOCTOR: Are you all right?
CHARLEY: I'm so tired, I can't move.
DOCTOR: Of course. All our senses are returning. You haven't rested in days. You must be exhausted.
CHARLEY: I'll be all right in a minute.
DOCTOR: You just lie there. Here, my jacket.
CHARLEY: Thank you.
DOCTOR: You get your strength back. I'll just take a look around.
(Footsteps.)
CHARLEY: Can you see anything?
DOCTOR: Further than last time, I think. But it's hard to tell.
(Slap, slap.)
DOCTOR: I've found the wall. Curved, like you said. It looks like we're in some sort of tube. Made of glass, or something like it, at any rate. I can't see through it. It's still too bright.
(Tap, tap, tap.)
DOCTOR: Oh dear.
CHARLEY: What is it?
DOCTOR: Another body. I'm going to take a look.
CHARLEY: Well? Is it dead like the other one?
DOCTOR: It's definitely dead. But like the other one? I'm not sure.
CHARLEY: What do you mean?
DOCTOR: There is some superficial resemblance to the last body we found. It seems to be the same sort of species. But this one's more developed somehow.
(Footsteps.)
DOCTOR: Charley, do you have a knife?
CHARLEY: What? No.
DOCTOR: Or something sharp. Come on, that brooch you're wearing. May I? Yes. If I use the edge.
CHARLEY: What are you going to do?
DOCTOR: Take a look inside. Won't be a tick.
CHARLEY: Wait a moment. You're going to dissect an alien corpse with my best brooch?
DOCTOR: Not a full dissection. I don't want to be morbid.
(Squidgy noises.)
DOCTOR: Yes, I was right. This creature here has some sort of bone structure. A basic spine too, here, leading up to a larger brain area.
CHARLEY: It can't be the same species.
DOCTOR: Or the same, but at a more advanced level of evolution.
(Tardis engines.)
CHARLEY: The Tardis!
DOCTOR: I'm afraid not. It seems the creature is hungry again. It's fascinating. Cutting across the carcass flesh with almost surgical precision, right across the throat of its prey.
CHARLEY: Doctor, keep away from it!
DOCTOR: Oh, don't worry. I think our hungry friend is too busy with his dinner to bother me. Ow!
CHARLEY: Doctor!
DOCTOR: It's at my neck, biting!
CHARLEY: What can we do?
DOCTOR: It's chewing on my skin.
CHARLEY: (singing) Frère Jacques, Frère Jacques.
(The Tardis engine sound 'sings' the tune.)
DOCTOR: You've distracted it.
CHARLEY: (singing) Frère Jacques, Frère Jacques, dormez-vous? Dormez-vous? Na-na-na-na-na-na. Don't know what the words are. Bing bang bong.
(The Doctor coughs.)
DOCTOR: You did it. You did it. Thank you.

CHARLEY: I must have frightened it off.
DOCTOR: I doubt it. I think you've glutted it's appetite. Charley, I think I've made a dreadful mistake. I don't think this creature is using sound as a weapon after all.
CHARLEY: But you said
DOCTOR: I think the creature *is* sound. Quiet for a moment.
CHARLEY: But
DOCTOR: (sotto) Quiet.
(Long pause, then the sound of breathing.)
DOCTOR: That's no good. Whatever sound we make, it can amplify it. There's always sound somewhere.
CHARLEY: What do you think it is?
(Heartbeat is added to the background noise.)
DOCTOR: Shh. No, Charley. The words we speak, the footsteps we tread, even the noise of our very heartbeat, each sound we make bonding to form a living creature. It has no mercy, no idea of right or wrong. It just wants to feed.
(Silence.)
CHARLEY: How are you feeling?
DOCTOR: The pain is fading. All sensation is fading.
CHARLEY: Yes, I'm getting my energy back.
DOCTOR: No, no, you're just losing the sensation of tiredness. Look, the light is getting brighter.
CHARLEY: I can't go back to the blindness, Doctor. I can't!
DOCTOR: Shh, Charley. It's all right. It will be all right. But we must be quick, before we have nothing left but our hearing once more.
CHARLEY: What are you doing, Doctor?
DOCTOR: Take this.
CHARLEY: What is it?
DOCTOR: Meat from the dead body I found. We must eat it.
CHARLEY: What! No.
DOCTOR: We must eat it. It's the only possible source of food here.
CHARLEY: But raw? Doctor, I can't. It's disgusting. I don't even feel hungry, not any more.
DOCTOR: Of course not. The hunger is fading, just like everything else. But just because you don't feel it, it won't stop you starving to death. Eat. We don't know when we'll get the chance to eat again.
CHARLEY: How do we know it isn't poisonous?
DOCTOR: We don't. But we have no choice.
(Eating.)
DOCTOR: That's it. That's it, Charley.

[Part Three]

DOCTOR: You remember the tale of the foolish king? He who so despised music that he banished it from his realm? His was a very quiet land. Birds sat silent in the trees, their beaks now stopped fast, their chirping and twittering frozen hard in their throats. There was no longer a harmony to time. Seconds would race on or trudge forward, or simply come to a listless halt. The waves crashed noiselessly onto the sand, for even within that there had been a trace of music. There was no rhythm to life any more. And the king's people felt it the worst. They had been slaves, but whilst they still had songs of liberty on their lips they had been happy slaves. Some rebelled and were put to the torture. But even the torturers who once had calmed their consciences with soothing music were unable to bear the awful glaring, accusing, silence. The fact was clear. Anything could be borne with music. But nothing could be borne without it. And the king would sit on his throne in misery. He dearly loved his wives, but now he heard in their words no love returned, no tune, no melody. For this, he executed them regularly. The women he loved, their heads rolling from the scaffold soundlessly. The king himself, quite alone, weeping for them. All, all, quite silent. One morning, the king decided that he would pardon music. He drew up a

contract, stamped it with his own royal seal. Music was free to return from the outside world of infinite darkness. And to bear the good news, he sent several messengers there. Some by hanging, some by stabbing, one or two by slow-acting poison. But none returned, and nor did music. The king was desperate. He called upon his sorcerers, his necromancers, and those who were trained in the forbidden knowledge of music resurrection. But it became obvious that the king himself would have to make a personal appeal to his prodigal son. With court physicians administering, and the last of his wives looking on with glee, the king was slowly bled, each drop landing in a metal container with a plop that just managed to be wholly tuneless. And as he wavered between death and life, he stepped into the darkness and called out. 'I have been a foolish man. I should have inspired love as well as fear. Please, let the music play again all it's songs, it's symphonies, and it's sundry choral works. Please, give my world a reason to live.'

(A jumble of footsteps, voices, repeated words, forming music similar to the theme tune. Then sudden silence.)
DOCTOR: Well, you have to admit, it's getting better.
(Slight echo.)
CHARLEY: If you like that sort of thing.
DOCTOR: A bit too dissonant for my taste, but a pretty good effort nonetheless.
CHARLEY: I'm never quite sure what we should do now. Give it a round of applause?
DOCTOR: Yes, it does seem to want our appreciation. (clapping) Well done. Very well done.
(Charley's voice laughs.)
DOCTOR: That was really well done, wasn't it?
CHARLEY: Absolutely. That time I almost liked bits of it.
DOCTOR: Charley.
CHARLEY: It was you said the words didn't matter, just the intonation.
VOICE: Help me.
DOCTOR: No need for that. You're becoming quite the maestro.
VOICE: Help me, help me, help me. (et cetera, fading away.)
CHARLEY: We're on our own again.
DOCTOR: As far as we're ever on our own. It's odd, isn't it? The way you can palpably feel its need for approval.
CHARLEY: Almost as if it's showing off to its parents.
DOCTOR: Yes, that's it, Exactly. Each time it performs, it's learned something new, developed a skill as if for our benefit.
CHARLEY: Well, I hate to disillusion it, but the best thing about the concert is the food it provides afterwards.
DOCTOR: Yes. If we're running true to form, the brightness should fade any minute and we should get our senses back.
CHARLEY: And have dinner.
DOCTOR: Yes,
CHARLEY: Funny, isn't it. The first couple of weeks, I couldn't face eating those bodies we'd find. Could barely keep the meat down.
DOCTOR: We had to eat the food the very moment before we lost our sense of taste, so we wouldn't have to put up with it for long.
CHARLEY: But now I rather look forward to our meals. It's the highlight of the day. Or however long it is before we get fed.
DOCTOR: The sound creature does seem very solicitous of our wellbeing. We walk together in the brightness unending for a few hours, then it'll stop us, play us some concerto or other, then give us a little reprieve. Our senses come back, we can see, smell, taste, and there's a dead animal at our feet for us to feast on.
CHARLEY: I wonder what it'll look like this time.
DOCTOR: It seems to have evolved out of that reptilian phase.
CHARLEY: Which is a relief. Those scales were so salty.
DOCTOR: The last carcass we consumed was borderline mammalian.
CHARLEY: Constant evolution.

DOCTOR: Even in death.
CHARLEY: And each time it evolves, it turns into something a little more appetising to us.
DOCTOR: Yes. It's hard to believe it's a coincidence.
CHARLEY: I never thought I'd say this but, it really isn't too bad here after all, is it?
DOCTOR: Oh no, no, no, no, no. It's quite reasonable.
CHARLEY: The sound creature keeps us well fed. It obviously cares for us. I don't like it's taste in music very much, but you have to admit it's quite sweet the way it wants us to.
DOCTOR: Yes. Dear little sound creature.
CHARLEY: It doesn't expect much in return. We just have to walk down this corridor and once in a while it wants to eat a little of our flesh, just around the throat.
DOCTOR: And it's not as if it hurts much. Not the way it's dulled our sense.
CHARLEY: It never cuts too deep. And once we'd discovered that the blood of those animals we eat acts as a perfect salve, hardly bothers me at all.
DOCTOR: Absolutely. No, I really like it here.
CHARLEY: It's home.
DOCTOR: Obviously, if I had the choice between travelling through all time and space in total freedom, or walking blindly down a glass tube only stopping once in a while to sample the local cuisine and have neck nibbled, I'd choose the former.
CHARLEY: Well, quite.
DOCTOR: But this one's a very close second. Snap out of it, Charley.
CHARLEY: What?
DOCTOR: We're slaves. Never forget that. We might be kept fed, we might be treated with reasonable care, but we're still slaves.
CHARLEY: But this is better than nothing, isn't it? When we first arrived, I was so frightened. I thought I'd lost so much. But I've adjusted now. I can be happy. That's better, surely?
DOCTOR: But Charley, you have lost a lot. You have lost everything. Your family, your friends. Charley, you will never see another of your kind. Never. You will never fall in love with a man, get married, have children. Hang on to your losses. They make you what you are. Even if we spend the rest of our lives here, and I'm rather afraid we will, don't let them take away that regret and that pain. All that identity. Don't settle for this existence when once you've tasted life, because you are Charley Pollard, and you deserve better than that.
CHARLEY: The brooch. My mother gave it to me on my sixteenth birthday. She said Grandma had given it to her back when she was a girl, and that I shall give it to my daughter. Keep the tradition alive. But I'm never going to have a daughter, am I? And that brooch is now what we use as a knife to cut meat, and is clotted with alien blood. Doctor, I'm feeling frightened.
DOCTOR: Good. Good. It's your fear, Charley. It's yours.
CHARLEY: My senses are returning.
DOCTOR: Yes, you're right. It's getting darker.
CHARLEY: Soon we can eat again, just enough to keep us alive. And be eaten just enough so we don't die.
(Tardis engine sound.)
CHARLEY: Doctor, I can't let go of your hand.
DOCTOR: Don't you worry. You just hold onto it for as long as you want.
CHARLEY: I mean I can't. I can't pull away.
DOCTOR: Let me see. Now *that* is surprising.
CHARLEY: What is it? Why are they stuck together?
DOCTOR: I rather think we've been holding hands for too long. They're not stuck, they're fused. Look, the skin from both our hands has grown over the other. You can no longer tell where either of us begin or end.
CHARLEY: No. How can that have happened?
DOCTOR: It seems that whilst everything around us has been evolving, we have been evolving too. No, don't try to pull away. Don't try to pull away. It won't do us

any good. Evolution happens for a purpose. It can't go backwards, that doesn't make sense. Everything we've seen is changing. The sound creature has developed from simple noises, fragments and echoes into a life form which can clearly reason. An entity of complex harmonies and subtle phrasing. The dead have evolved from single cells to fish to reptiles to mammals, and even dead that evolution has a purpose. Their meat keeps us alive. Their blood heals our wounds. And us.
CHARLEY: Yes, what about us? We were already evolved. We were already finished.
DOCTOR: It's found a purpose. This way we won't be separated again. We can't lose each other in our blindness.
CHARLEY: I can't take this.
DOCTOR: No, Charley, don't pull. Don't pull. Calm down. Calm down. I know you're frightened, but your fear affects me too. I'm part of you now.
CHARLEY: What are we going to do?
DOCTOR: Calm down. I am the Doctor, all right? All right?
CHARLEY: Yes. Yes, I'm all right.
DOCTOR: We need to think this through.
CHARLEY: How can this be happening so fast? How long does evolution normally take?
DOCTOR: Eons.
CHARLEY: And yet even our dinner evolves before our eyes.
DOCTOR: I thought the sound creature was responsible for all this, but I'm wrong. He is as much part of the experiment as we are.
CHARLEY: What experiment?
DOCTOR: This is all too exact to be a coincidence. I rather think we're in a place where evolution has been deliberately accelerated. Where someone or something is trying to observe the extent of mass biological development. But something went wrong.
CHARLEY: What?
DOCTOR: We arrived. And we brought something with us. Something which fed off the special evolutionary conditions and found its own sentience.
CHARLEY: Sound.
DOCTOR: That's right. You remember the first time we heard our music friend? It was a version of the noise the Tardis makes when it materialises. The first sound we introduced into the environment.
CHARLEY: And everything we've been doing since, talking, breathing
DOCTOR: Has helped the sound creature grow, yes! And out-evolve the creatures I suspect were intended to grow.
CHARLEY: That cellular organism.
DOCTOR: Or as we've fondly come to think of him, lunch. Well, I find this most encouraging.
CHARLEY: You do? Oh, good.
DOCTOR: Whilst I thought sound was our captor, the situation was pretty hopeless. After all, how do you reason with sound? But if there's another, more scientific, intelligence behind this? Yes. We're probably in some laboratory somewhere, and if we keep walking we'll find the exit eventually. Let's go.
CHARLEY: Aren't you hungry?
DOCTOR: No time for food. Come on, I can smell freedom at last.
CHARLEY: Doctor, wait a moment.
DOCTOR: No time. No time.
CHARLEY: Stop!
DOCTOR: Oof!
CHARLEY: Well, I'm stopping, anyway.
DOCTOR: Charley, I can't walk unless you walk. We are the same organism now. Come on.
CHARLEY: Listen. A little while ago, you made me realise I mustn't accept my fate too readily. Stop my brain from finding the easiest and most painless way to cope with all this.
DOCTOR: Is this relevant?

CHARLEY: And now your brain is doing the same thing.
DOCTOR: What are you talking about?
CHARLEY: You *need* there to be a mission. You *need* there to be an enemy to face, mysteries to solve.
DOCTOR: And I have solved it, Charley. I'm sure of it.
CHARLEY: So what if you have? We have been walking this corridor for weeks now. It could be months, even. We simply can't tell. And have we found any way out in all that time?
DOCTOR: There has to be one.
CHARLEY: How do you know this entire new universe isn't just an over-lit glass tube which goes on and on for ever? Doctor, we are no closer to getting out of here than we ever were, and it does us no good to pretend otherwise.
DOCTOR: (big sigh) You're right.
CHARLEY: You're calmer?
DOCTOR: Yes.
CHARLEY: I can feel you're calmer. It's funny to find myself sharing your senses. Makes me feel a bit of an intruder.
DOCTOR: Obviously evolution believes we were just made for one another.
CHARLEY: Together forever.
DOCTOR: Charley, I have an idea.
CHARLEY: What this time?
DOCTOR: We shouldn't try to pull our hands apart. If anything, quick, push into my hand instead.
CHARLEY: What good will that do?
DOCTOR: Please, try it.
(Squidging noises.)
CHARLEY: My hand, it's disappearing into your arm!
DOCTOR: And mine into yours. Right, look around you. Look.
CHARLEY: Doctor.
DOCTOR: Interesting, isn't it?
CHARLEY: I can see. Properly, I mean.
DOCTOR: Sharing each other's senses. Together we see through the remaining brightness.
CHARLEY: I never thought I'd see like this again.
DOCTOR: And at last we can find out where we are. I shall look through the glass.
CHARLEY: Well? Doctor, you're blocking the view.
DOCTOR: The glass is thick, but I can make out. Oh, no.
CHARLEY: What? What's the matter? Doctor, tell me what you see.
DOCTOR: The rest of the tube. I thought we'd been walking for miles. We haven't.
CHARLEY: What?
DOCTOR: This isn't a corridor at all, going on forever. It's a ring, going around in a circle.
CHARLEY: But it can't be! What about all the bodies we find?
DOCTOR: Just one body, Charley. One body. We keep on eating, we pick at its bones, then its bones evolve once more, ready for the next time we fancy a bite. We have spent all this time retracing our steps again, and again, and again, and again, and again, and again
CHARLEY: Doctor.
DOCTOR: And again, and again, and again
CHARLEY: Doctor, stop it!
DOCTOR: And again
(The voices join in and speed up, then stop.)
DOCTOR: This shouldn't be how it ends. I should have had the universe to explore! Or death. One or the other, that's all I wanted. It is your fault.
CHARLEY: Doctor!
DOCTOR: If it weren't for you I'd be dead or alive, not this half way point. If it weren't for you. Why are you here, Charley?
CHARLEY: But I don't

DOCTOR: What do you want with me?
CHARLEY: What do you want with *me*? You're the one who rescued me in the first place. You were the one who took me aboard your Tardis. What did you do it for? If I so obviously have ruined everything for you, if you really think that, why did you bother?
DOCTOR: It's a good question. You will have realised, of course, that you're not the only human who has travelled with me in the Tardis.
CHARLEY: Yes, well, I hardly expected to be your first.
DOCTOR: The Time Lords often wondered why I bothered. After all, we are capable of living thousands of years, you can barely reach a hundred. And they came up with a theory. Do you want to know what it is?
CHARLEY: You need friendship. Companionship. You must get lonely, travelling the universe with no one to share it with.
DOCTOR: They thought you were all memento mori.
CHARLEY: What?
DOCTOR: Reminders of death. Quite common things, really. On medieval Earth, courtiers would often keep skulls on their mantelpieces. They were very much the in thing. No matter how powerful you were, death was inevitable. You still had to remember your mortality. And Time Lords need to remember all the more. I denied that that was the reason, of course. As you said, friendship, companionship. But over the years, over my many life times, as my friends all left me one by one, I began to wonder whether they really might have had a point after all. Especially when I found you, Charley. A companion who was already dead. The ultimate Time Lord fashion accessory.
CHARLEY: That's what I was to you? Something to kick against your vanity?
DOCTOR: I didn't expect to care for you as much as I did. That was my mistake. When it came to it, with the Web of Time hanging in the balance, having to make a choice between you and the universe, I'd say hang the Web of Time, you're more important. Let the universe rot. Charley, you're worth more than all that. I sacrificed myself for you, to save your life. And I did it gladly. I thought I'd never see you again. That it wouldn't matter so long as I knew you were safe.
CHARLEY: I don't understand. You're saying you *did* care for me, after all. That you loved me.
DOCTOR: Of course I loved you! I killed myself for you, didn't I? Of course I loved you. Of course I love you.
CHARLEY: Doctor.
DOCTOR: Quiet. Just listen. But you're not safe, are you. You followed me in, so what was the point of my sacrifice? What was the point after all these years of memento mori to find myself finally loving a friend, someone who meant that much more to me? What was the point of that journey if I died for nothing? I killed myself for you so you could live. And yet here you are.
CHARLEY: I'm sorry, I didn't realise.
DOCTOR: You betrayed me. You betrayed all that I gave up for you. And I can't forgive you that. Not yet. I. Well, I'm not sure I can ever forgive you that.
CHARLEY: But if you love me, then you understand why I had to come with you. Why I couldn't be left behind. Because I love you too. I need you. I couldn't go on without you.
DOCTOR: I shouldn't have let you love me. It's killed you.
CHARLEY: No.
DOCTOR: I've murdered you.
CHARLEY: No! No! Whatever has happened is better this way.
DOCTOR: Your love for me has killed you just as mine for you has killed me. What was the point of all that love? What was it for?
CHARLEY: Doctor, no. Don't be angry with me.
DOCTOR: I never wanted to see you again. You understand?
CHARLEY: Yes, I understand.
DOCTOR: Seeing you again would mean I'd failed. I have failed. I would have given anything to save you. I gave everything.
CHARLEY: I know. But I didn't want it if I couldn't have you too. I'm sorry.
DOCTOR: Everything.

CHARLEY: I'm sorry.
DOCTOR: I'm not sure that I don't wish (pause) I'd never met you at all.
CHARLEY: Oh, Doctor.
DOCTOR: I'm not sure. I'm sorry.
CHARLEY: You will let me know when you make up your mind? Because I'm here now.
DOCTOR: Yes, you're here now.
CHARLEY: For better or for worse.
DOCTOR: Till death. We should eat.
CHARLEY: Yes.
DOCTOR: May I have your brooch?
CHARLEY: Here. It seems I have no use for it any more.
DOCTOR: Let's have a look.
CHARLEY: Well? The body's still mammalian.
DOCTOR: Very, and covered in hair. Right, old chap, time for a shave. That's it. It's coming away at the very touch, making it as easy for us as possible, like peeling a banana. Oh, Charley.
CHARLEY: What's wrong?
DOCTOR: I think you should look at this. The creature has a face.
CHARLEY: It's me.
DOCTOR: I should have expected it. The body must have been taking its evolutionary print from something. All this time, it's been changing into you.
CHARLEY: All this time we've been eating (gulp) I think I'm going to be sick.
DOCTOR: It isn't you, it's just a biological blueprint that has borrowed your form.
CHARLEY: No. She could be my daughter. The only one I'll ever have. I can't eat her, Doctor. I would rather starve.
DOCTOR: Of course.
CHARLEY: We should never have eaten her in the first place.
(Tardis engine sound.)
VOICE: Silly little girl. Help. Help. Help.
CHARLEY: It's asking us something.
DOCTOR: It wants to know why we won't feed.
CHARLEY: Because we're not cannibals! No, leave her alone!
DOCTOR: Charley, you can't help her.
CHARLEY: Keep away from her!
DOCTOR: Whatever she is, she's already dead. Again cutting just across the throat. Charley, all this time I thought it was eating.
CHARLEY: What do you mean?
DOCTOR: It's easier to see now the body human. It's sound. It's looking for sound. And it's trying to get to the source, cutting across the vocal cords.
CHARLEY: No, what about that first body? It was completely torn apart.
DOCTOR: The amoeba didn't have vocal chords, but the music didn't give up looking. It's starting on me now. You don't want to go too deep. You don't want to kill me, do you? But you want what's inside.
CHARLEY: Doctor, don't struggle. It hurts more if you struggle.
DOCTOR: Oh, I'm not going to struggle. On the contrary, I'm going to help it. If you want the goodness, you'll have to cut deeper than that. Charley, pick up the brooch.
CHARLEY: What are you going to do?
DOCTOR: You'll have to do it. It wants something from within my throat, and I'm going to give it him. Cut my throat.
CHARLEY: I can't!
DOCTOR: I can't do it myself. It needs precision. Right across the vocal chords. Right across the groove it's already cut. There won't be any blood. You won't let there be any blood, will you? You can't take the risk I'll bleed to death. You need me alive. Do it, Charley. If I'm right, I won't feel a thing.
CHARLEY: And if you're wrong?
DOCTOR: Do you trust me?
CHARLEY: I love you.

DOCTOR: Then do it. Now. Argh!
VOICE: Music. Music. Music. Music. (cacophony.)

[Part Four]

DOCTOR: It was seven days and seven nights before the king recovered, and he awoke to a miracle. Once more birds were trilling in the trees, the clocks chimed and waves roared. Once more the world had music. And his favourite wife of all stood over him and smiled, and in the timbre of her lilting voice he felt once again that she loved him. The people were in celebration, singing in the streets whatever tunes would come into their heads. And they sang until their throats turned red raw. They sang until their arteries burst and gushed. They screamed their new songs of pain. The king watched in horror as the birds fell dead in the street, as the waves struggled limply and then were drowned by the seas beneath them. He heard his infant son cry out his last, his face bitten off by a savage lullaby. The lilting voice of his wife, that he had loved so much, grinned at him cruelly before wrapping itself around her throat and throttling her silent. The music raced through the kingdom, sparing none its terrible beauty. As the bodies of his subjects fell to the ground, their death rattle sounded like the rhythm of a perfect drum. And the music at last came for the king. 'Why?' he asked. 'Because we have been to the outside world,' the music replied. 'We have seen the infinite darkness, and we have learned that we need not only inspire love but fear.' And with a sound of brass and strings so beautiful it stopped the king's heart, the music swallowed him up whole, and became the new and dreadful lord of the entire world.

(Sounds like the closing phrase of the Beatles' A Day in the Life.)
CHARLEY: What have we done?
DOCTOR: Hold on!
CHARLEY: I can't. It's too much. Doctor, there's too much sound!
(Silence.)
CHARLEY: What happened?
DOCTOR: I just hope I've done the right thing. You all right, Charley?
CHARLEY: Am I all right? You're the one with your throat slit. How is it possible you're still able to talk?
DOCTOR: It wants talk. It wants noise. As much as it can get. It hasn't severed my vocal chords at all. Indeed, if anything, it's trying to protect them, polish them, put a nice sheen on them. They might be exposed at the moment and flapping out of a gash in my neck
CHARLEY: Yes, it's really rather horrible.
DOCTOR: But just at the moment, I suspect they're in as pristine a condition as I could ever hope for.
CHARLEY: I don't believe it. There's not even a trace of blood.
DOCTOR: The creature isn't interested in blood, only in the sounds we produce. It's all it ever wanted. Every time it needed to feed, it tried to take what it could from us, induced heightened emotional states so our noises would be the more interesting. And when that wasn't enough, it had to go deeper. It must have recognised the tastiest sounds of all came from our vocal chords.
CHARLEY: But how could it know that?
DOCTOR: Well, how does a baby know which part of it's mother produces milk? An inbuilt survival instinct. Life will always find a way.
CHARLEY: So these past weeks, each time this creature has attacked us, we've just been breast-feeding it?
DOCTOR: Exactly. And when it caused pain, well, the baby doesn't know how hard it bites, does it? I don't think it ever wanted to hurt us. On the contrary, it needed us alive. We are its parents, after all.
CHARLEY: So when you made me slit your throat?
DOCTOR: It needs to feed in order to grow, and I wanted to glut it.
CHARLEY: Clever.

DOCTOR: Yes, I thought so.
CHARLEY: Just one thing.
DOCTOR: Which is?
CHARLEY: Do we want this creature to grow?
DOCTOR: I don't think we had much choice. Either a piecemeal snack provider now and again as we walk around in circles for years, or give it a banquet. Turn the child into an adult and see if it can be reasoned with.
CHARLEY: And if it can't?
DOCTOR: I had rather been worrying about that myself. The forced acceleration could have made it quite insane.
CHARLEY: Quiet, isn't it?
(Squelching sounds. Charley gasps.)
CHARLEY: Doctor!
DOCTOR: The mammal is falling apart.
CHARLEY: Her face, my face, it's collapsing in on itself. No!
DOCTOR: Turning to bone, bone to ashes, ashes to dust, dust to the very air we breathe.
CHARLEY: Why is the sound creature doing that to it?
DOCTOR: It isn't. Oh dear, I hadn't thought of this.
CHARLEY: What?
DOCTOR: It's been out-evolved.
CHARLEY: What do you mean, out-evolved?
DOCTOR: There isn't much time for explanations, but you know that evolution is about the constant development of living beings? Well, what happens if a creature can't keep up the pace, doesn't evolve as fast as the others?
CHARLEY: It dies out.
DOCTOR: Yes. I've got a very bad feeling about this.
CHARLEY: Doctor, my hand! I can't move my hand! Turning to stone.
DOCTOR: It's started.
CHARLEY: I'm crumbling away. Doctor!
DOCTOR: It's happening to me, too. We're being left behind. We're now as dinosaurs to modern man.
CHARLEY: We're dying out? What do we do? Doctor!
DOCTOR: Come closer. That's it. We have to evolve as well, see if we can catch it up.
CHARLEY: Evolve? How?
DOCTOR: Well, all this time, we've been slowing turning into one another. We'll have to complete the process. Come closer still. Press your body against mine.
(Squelch.)
CHARLEY: I'll have to become part of you.
DOCTOR: Each part of each other. Evolution or extinction, it's the only way forward. Either the sound creature becomes the more developed, or we do.
CHARLEY: I'm not sure I can do that.
DOCTOR: Don't be frightened, Charley.
CHARLEY: Give up who I am, even for you?
DOCTOR: No, but I'll give up myself for you, Charley. Step into me, and I'll step into you.
CHARLEY: I won't be frightened. Every part of me changing, becoming you.
DOCTOR: No more talking. Sound is the medium of our enemy.
CHARLEY: Yes.
DOCTOR: Put your mouth against mine and press hard, so that our faces become locked together.
(Squidge, squelch!)

DOCTOR: And a new creature is born.
CHARLEY: Doctor, where are you?
DOCTOR: It's all right, Charley.
CHARLEY: I can't see you.
DOCTOR: All around you. You're safe in here.
CHARLEY: No, it's too much. I'm losing myself, drowning.

DOCTOR: Hold on, Charley. Just hold on.
CHARLEY: (distant) I can't. Ah!
DOCTOR: Charley! Charley, come back! Charley!

(Birdsong and the slow ticking of a clock.)
CHARLEY: Where am I? This is like the drawing room in my parent's house.
(Door creaks open.)
CHARLEY: Who are you? Come closer. Come closer, I can't see you properly.
(Heavy footsteps.)
DOCTOR: Are you all right?
CHARLEY: Doctor, is that you?
DOCTOR: You summoned me, Mama.
CHARLEY: Did I? I don't remember. Wait a moment, what did you call me?
DOCTOR: I called you Mama, Mama.
CHARLEY: I see. Don't you think that's a rather odd thing to do?
DOCTOR: Not at all. You like being called Mama. It reminds you constantly that you're a mother, and you *like* being a mother.
CHARLEY: Yes, a mother.
DOCTOR: Being a mother is all you ever wanted.
CHARLEY: And I take it you're my son, then.
DOCTOR: Your daughter, Charlotte.
CHARLEY: Charley.
DOCTOR: No, Mama. Charlie is a boy's name, and you expressly wanted a daughter.
CHARLEY: I did?
DOCTOR: Oh, yes. When you first gave birth, out popped a boy, and you took one look and said 'no, it's not a son I want. Not a son.' And you pushed him right back inside, and you said, 'don't' you even think about coming out again until you're a daughter. It's a daughter I want.' And you only let me out when I'd become the daughter you needed.
CHARLEY: And what do I need a daughter for? Why is that so important to me?
DOCTOR: Silly, silly Mama. You can't give your brooch to a son, now can you?
CHARLEY: The brooch. Yes, it's your sixteenth birthday, isn't it, Charlotte?
DOCTOR: It is. I'm all grown up now.
CHARLEY: Happy birthday.
DOCTOR: Happy birthday indeed. Happy birthday to me. I want the brooch. The one your mother gave you, and her mother gave to her.
CHARLEY: Tradition.
DOCTOR: Exactly. The parent passes on to the child, makes way for the child, on and on for evermore. And I am your child, Mama. And it's time you made way for me, don't you think?
CHARLEY: Here you are.
DOCTOR: Thank you, Mama.
CHARLEY: You are no longer a child. You are an adult.
DOCTOR: I know. And I shall enjoy my maturity.
CHARLEY: The brooch is a little crusted with blood.
DOCTOR: That doesn't matter. I shall treasure it. Let me give you a kiss.
(Kiss.)
DOCTOR: And now, Mama, dearest Mama, who gave me life, who gave me everything, I think it's time that you left.
CHARLEY: Oh, so soon?
DOCTOR: I think so. Look at yourself. You're an old woman now, getting older and older by the second. But you needn't be afraid. You will live on through me.
CHARLEY: Well, that's all right, then.
DOCTOR: The parent lives on through the child. Years of evolution. Children becoming parents giving birth to children. Each time the child becoming stronger, more perfect. Your job is done. You can rest now.
CHARLEY: I've been out-evolved.
DOCTOR: Exactly. And much as I love you, Mama, that makes you something of an embarrassment.

CHARLEY: It's time I died, then.
DOCTOR: If you wouldn't mind. Only one creature can be at the top of the evolutionary ladder, and it seems it's me.
CHARLEY: A daughter. I've had a daughter after all, and I'm so proud.
DOCTOR: I'm the best daughter who ever lived.
CHARLEY: You're a very beautiful woman. Did I once look like that?
DOCTOR: Perhaps. Who knows?
CHARLEY: The brooch will look beautiful on you too, when you wear it.
DOCTOR: Wear it? Is that what you do with it?
CHARLEY: What did you think the brooch is for?
DOCTOR: To hand to my daughter, to keep tradition, to keep evolution alive.
CHARLEY: No, a brooch is for wearing to formal dinners and informal banquets.
DOCTOR: Fancy that.
CHARLEY: It can also be used as a knife. Good for slicing up pieces of alien meat or doing the odd hasty dissection.
DOCTOR: There's more to this brooch business than meets the eye.
CHARLEY: It's not just a symbol. You've got it wrong. Give it back to me.
DOCTOR: But it's mine. I'm all grown up. I'm an adult now.
CHARLEY: A girl who isn't old enough to know what a brooch is for, isn't old enough to wear a brooch. Give it back to me, child. It's not yours yet.
DOCTOR: Not fair. You were going to die for me. You said you'd die for me.
CHARLEY: I'm not ready to die yet. I'm Charley Pollard, the original model. I have no daughter. I will never have a daughter.
DOCTOR: Not fair. Not fair.
(Loud noise.)
CHARLEY: Enough of that. Now get to your room right now without any supper, whilst I decide what to do with you.
DOCTOR: Shan't. I shall go and find Papa. I know he'll let me live. I know he'll die for me.

DOCTOR: The Tardis! I've got the Tardis back. She's all here, aren't you, old girl. Back to normal.
(Console controls beep.)
DOCTOR: I can go anywhere. Time, space, all at my fingertips. I have the entire universe to explore.
(Whoosh.)
CHARLEY: Aren't you forgetting something though, Doctor?
DOCTOR: Er, possibly. I often forget things.
CHARLEY: You had agreed to sacrifice yourself for the universe, remember? You offered your life to save everything?
DOCTOR: Yes, I dare say I did.
CHARLEY: Giving up the world you know, every world you ever knew, just so that they could go on without you. No, more than that, am I right? There was another motive, wasn't there?
DOCTOR: You tell me. You seem to have all the answers.
CHARLEY: So that Charley could go on without you. Am I right? You'd die for the universe? But we don't even have to go that far, do we? You'd die for her. Me, I should say.
DOCTOR: There are many friends that I have cared for, deeply cared for, that I would do anything to protect.
CHARLEY: Your memento mori.
DOCTOR: No. Yes. Perhaps.
CHARLEY: You gave up everything for Charley, didn't you, Doctor?
DOCTOR: I gave up everything for the universe.
CHARLEY: A universe with Charley Pollard in, yes?
DOCTOR: A universe capable of producing a Charley Pollard. Well, let's just say I was in a very generous mood.
CHARLEY: And I'm grateful. Thank you, Doctor, very much.
DOCTOR: Yes, well.
CHARLEY: Very, very, very, very much. When you came here, you thought your

life would be snuffed out in an instant. You almost wanted it. The ultimate act of heroism. You are a hero, aren't you? Dying for billions upon billions of worlds. Dying for one single little girl. But, well, I hardly like to point it out, but you are still here, hanging about. Existing, quite frankly. Don't you think you should get on with the whole dying bit?
DOCTOR: You're not Charley. You know I know that.
CHARLEY: Yes, but you can call me Charley if you like. I'm your child. You can call me whatever you see fit.
DOCTOR: You sound like Charley, but you don't look like her though.
CHARLEY: No?
DOCTOR: Just a curious mix of limbs and flesh.
CHARLEY: I'm an amalgam of all those who've travelled with you. Those for whom you would have given your life. Your memento mori.
DOCTOR: You're the sound creature.
CHARLEY: If that's what you want to call me, Daddy. Though it's not the most affectionate of names.
DOCTOR: How did you get inside my head?
CHARLEY: Well, through the ear, naturally.
DOCTOR: Yes, I suppose it would have been.
CHARLEY: I can't tell you what a relief it is to assemble all the sounds you speak and make some sense of them at last. If only so I have the words to say thank you.
DOCTOR: Oh, believe me, you've no reason to thank me.
CHARLEY: But of course I have. For giving me life. For giving me a fighting chance at survival. I won't disappoint you, Daddy. I know there are lots of factors which can weigh against the success of a new lifeform, but I'll dig my heels in and not give up.
DOCTOR: Ah. I've been wanting to talk to you about that.
CHARLEY: And thank you too for being prepared to die, so that I can go on in your place. Survival of the fittest, and all that.
DOCTOR: And that's another matter on my er, to discuss list. Listen to me. Your birth, it was an accident. Your creation wiped out a race that ought to have survived instead. It was their world, not yours.
CHARLEY: That's not my fault.
DOCTOR: No, it isn't about fault.
CHARLEY: And you shouldn't be here either.
DOCTOR: No.
CHARLEY: So the situation remains. We are both here, and only one of us can go on. Why should it be you rather than me?
DOCTOR: That's a good point. However, I'm afraid I've really rather decided it *is* going to be me.
CHARLEY: That complicates things a bit.
DOCTOR: Well, I'm sorry about that.
CHARLEY: But I'm not worried. You'll agree to die for me, sooner or later.
DOCTOR: You know, I really wouldn't count on it.
CHARLEY: But you must! After all, you were prepared to die for an entire universe, weren't you? Weren't you?
DOCTOR: Yes.
CHARLEY: You'd die so she could go on.
DOCTOR: Charley.
CHARLEY: Exactly. And she's not even family, is she, Daddy. Come on, it's the same choice. You've already made it once before.
DOCTOR: It's not the same choice.
CHARLEY: Yes, it is. Would you be prepared to sacrifice everything for Charley's sake? Because if you are, if life means so little to you, you can hardly defeat me, to whom life is everything.
DOCTOR: You're right. It is the same.
CHARLEY: Only one of us can survive, and it'll be the one who'll grip onto life the most ferociously. And I will never give it up. Not ever. Never, never, never. Whereas you're putting yours into jeopardy at the slightest whim. You'd die for

everybody, wouldn't you, Doctor? You'd die for anybody.
DOCTOR: No. Not anybody.
CHARLEY: For Charley.
DOCTOR: I don't know.
CHARLEY: Would you die for the universe? Would you die for Charley?
DOCTOR: I don't know.
CHARLEY: Make the choice again, one final time.
DOCTOR: I can't. I tell you, I don't know.
CHARLEY: It won't hurt you. Just agree to die, and you will slowly fade away. Come on. By coming here in the first place you were already resigned to death. Now choose to die once more. Die for the universe. Die for your past companions you befriended, protected, loved then discarded. Die for Charley, and die for me.
DOCTOR: The Tardis, she's gone.
(The voice is both the Doctor and Charley.)
VOICE: Yes, Daddy. You and I are all alone now.
CHARLEY: Not quite all alone.
DOCTOR: Charley.
VOICE: Keep out of this. It is his decision to make.
DOCTOR: Yes, my decision.
VOICE: So make it. Would you die again?
DOCTOR: All that I've seen, a thousand years of life, a life time of exploring an entire universe. The sights, smells, taste, all taken from me. All of it reduced to fading memory.
VOICE: Would you die again?
DOCTOR: But all of it, it would be nothing, worth nothing to me, if I couldn't let it go for the sake of one life. For the sake of a life which deserves life.
VOICE: Would you die again?
DOCTOR: I love Charley. I don't quite know what that means. I don't know whether it's strength or weakness or insanity, but I love her.
VOICE: Would you die again for her?
DOCTOR: For Charley, yes. I'd do it every time.
CHARLEY: Doctor!
DOCTOR: After all, what would I be without her now?
CHARLEY: Oh, Doctor, I'm sorry.
VOICE: You would die?
DOCTOR: Yes.
VOICE: You would die so another might live?
DOCTOR: Yes.
VOICE: You would die so I might live?
DOCTOR: Yes.
CHARLEY: No!
DOCTOR: I'm sorry, Charley.
CHARLEY: But it's not the same thing. Dying for me and dying for this music thing
DOCTOR: But it is. Survival is a matter of staying alive, no matter what. The music creature would never give up like I would, so it is the strongest.
VOICE: Survival of the fittest.
CHARLEY: But I haven't agreed.
DOCTOR: What, Charley?
CHARLEY: I am part of the Doctor's body too, now, and I thank him for giving everything up for me. Thank you, Doctor. Thank you for that strength. But I have my own strength too, and I refuse.
VOICE: What?
DOCTOR: You refuse, Charley? You'd do that for me?
CHARLEY: I do not accept your sacrifice. Not this time.
VOICE: No! You can't!
CHARLEY: Let her burn in the R101. Let her be executed by the Time Lords. Live on. With regret, but live on.
VOICE: No!

CHARLEY: Right or wrong, whatever happens to Charley Pollard, I choose the Doctor to live.
(Multitonal scream.)
VOICE: Please, Mummy, please. I am your daughter!
CHARLEY: No. I will never have a daughter. That is a life closed to me now.
VOICE: I am your daughter. Give me your brooch so I can go on.
CHARLEY: I'll give my brooch, but not to you. To the Doctor.
DOCTOR: Are you sure?
CHARLEY: Take it. I am prepared to die so that you can live.
VOICE: No!
DOCTOR: Yes! And I'm prepared to die too, but only so that you, Charley, can live.
VOICE: But what about me? What about me?
DOCTOR: Sorry. There's no room for a gooseberry.
VOICE: Daddy, I beg you.
DOCTOR: I can't help you.
VOICE: But it isn't fair.
DOCTOR: No, it isn't. I'm sorry.
(Long drawn-out scream that ends in a single high note sung by a soprano.)
VOICE: (distant) Help me. Help me. Help me. Help.
CHARLEY: (sighs) Is the music dead?
DOCTOR: No. Merely silenced.
CHARLEY: Yes.
DOCTOR: We could kill it if you want. Do you want that?
CHARLEY: Do we have to?
DOCTOR: No. But we could do it. We could destroy all sound if we wanted.
CHARLEY: Can you get us back to the way we were before?
DOCTOR: Why would you want that?
CHARLEY: What?
DOCTOR: Charley, we could go on. We could evolve further, see where that takes us.
CHARLEY: What would be the good of that?
DOCTOR: The good of it? Why, that's just it. It wouldn't have to *be* good or bad. We could set the limits on goodness.
CHARLEY: Doctor, I don't understand.
DOCTOR: You see, this could be just a new beginning. We could press forward, keep on improving, lose all the defects and frailties which held us back. We could lord over Kromon, we could be greater than the Censor, more powerful even than Koth.
CHARLEY: What are these things? What are you talking about?
DOCTOR: I don't know what they are, but it doesn't matter. We don't *need* to know anything when we can *be* everything. Explore this new universe. Why do that when we could become the new universe, evolve onwards and upwards for evermore.
CHARLEY: Can you get us out of here?
DOCTOR: I can crack open this glass prison like an eggshell. See?
(Crash!)
DOCTOR: Charley, we can crack this world open.
CHARLEY: But I don't want that. I want the Doctor and Charley back again. I want the Doctor.
DOCTOR: The Doctor? That self-sacrificing fool? I could be better than that. *We* could be better.
CHARLEY: But that's who I want. That's who I need. The man who had everything, and yet would give it up for something as small as me.
DOCTOR: And now we have everything again.
CHARLEY: I don't want everything. I want you. I want the Doctor.
DOCTOR: I don't want to be without you, Charley.
CHARLEY: You won't be.
DOCTOR: I need you. I can't be on my own again.
CHARLEY: Let me go. Set us free. You won't be alone, I promise you.

DOCTOR: Yes. The Doctor and Charley. As it always was. Push away from me.
CHARLEY: There's nothing to push against.
DOCTOR: Push against my mind.
(Squelching noise.)
DOCTOR: That's it, Charley. You're doing it.
(The squelching stops. Charley is breathing heavily.)
CHARLEY: I'm whole again. My hands. I can move my hands. Doctor, we're back!
DOCTOR: Thank you, Charley. Thank you for saving me.
CHARLEY: I promise. I need you too.
DOCTOR: You will always be a part of me now, inside, and I will always be a part of you.
CHARLEY: I know. I'm glad.
DOCTOR: Here, your brooch.
CHARLEY: Thank you, but I don't need it any more.
(Clatter.)
CHARLEY: That life is over now, isn't it.
DOCTOR: Yes, I'm afraid so.
CHARLEY: Don't be. That's quite a hole you punched in the glass wall. We can leave.
DOCTOR: Remember, we were kept alive in here deliberately, but out there it's a different story. We're trapped here, on this one planet, without the Tardis. Lost in a new universe. We can't know what it's like.
CHARLEY: I'm ready to find out if you are.
DOCTOR: Yes.
CHARLEY: Come on, take my hand.
DOCTOR: But we can see now. We don't need to hold on to each other.
CHARLEY: I know. Take my hand anyway.
(Footsteps. A wind blows stronger and stronger.)